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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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(TRADE MARK.)

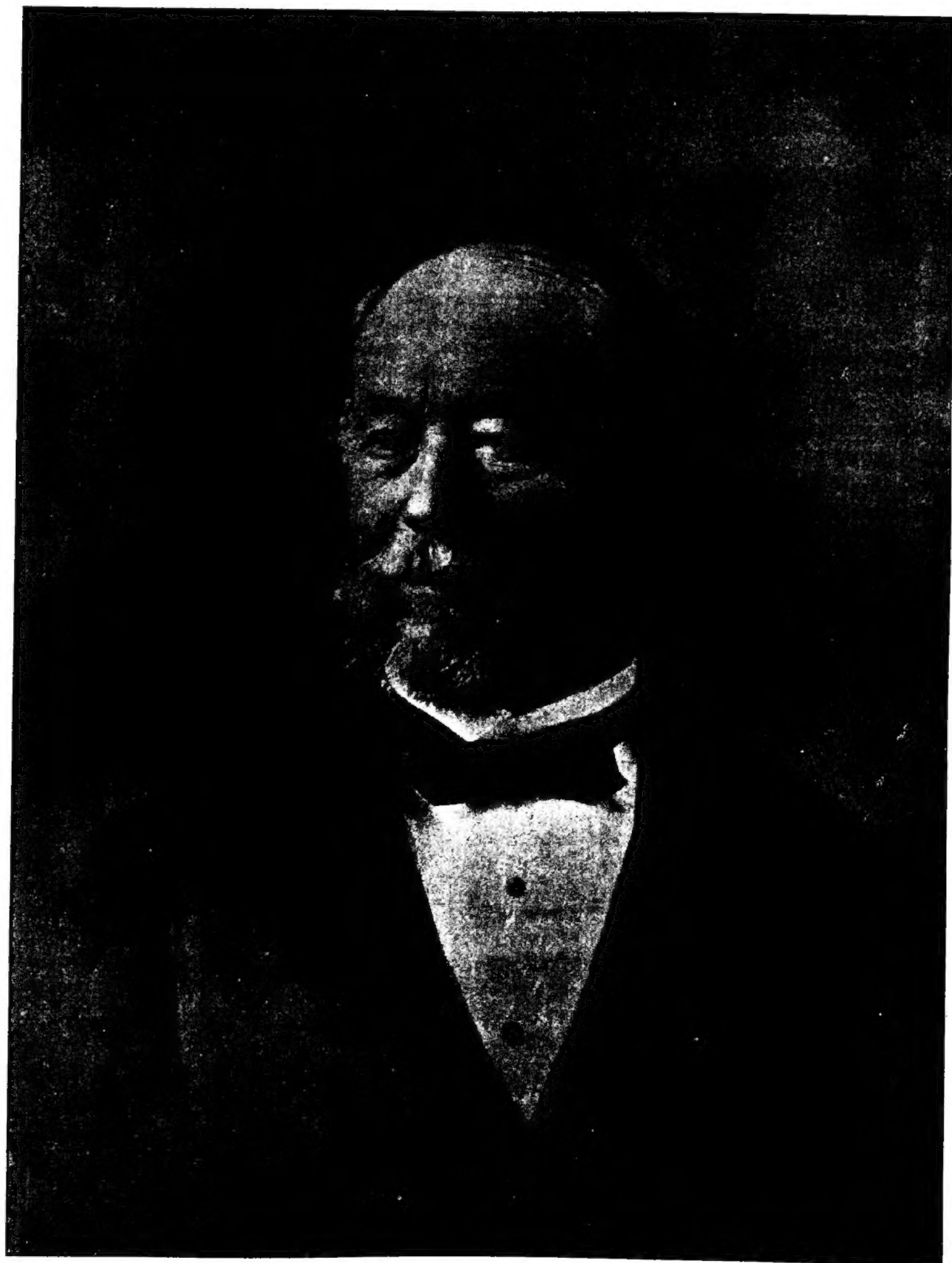
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(REGISTERED.)

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THE LATE THOS. WORKMAN, ESQ.

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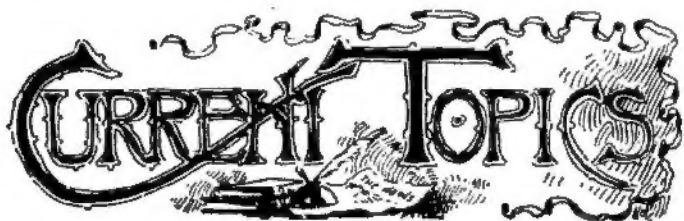
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By far the finest passage in Mr. Laurier's speech at Toronto is the quotation which he introduces from his Quebec speech of June last, as evidence of his consistency and honesty. He had been insisting that whether he spoke to his compatriots of his own blood and language in this province, or to those of British race and speech in Toronto, his sentiments were always the same. And in proof of this he repeated a portion of his speech in replying to the toast of Canada at the St. Jean Baptiste celebration. "We are French-Canadians," said Mr. Laurier on that occasion, "but our country is not confined to the territory shadowed by the Citadel of Quebec. Our country is Canada, all that is covered by the British flag on the American continent, the fertile lands washed by the Bay of Fundy, the valley of the St. Lawrence, the region of the great Lakes, the prairies of the West, the Rocky Mountains, the lands lamed by that storied ocean whose breezes are as mild as those of the Mediterranean. Our compatriots are not merely those in whose veins flows the blood of France; but all those, of whatsoever race, or language, whom the fortunes of war, the course of events or their own choice have placed side by side with us, and who recognize the sovereignty of the British Crown. I proclaim aloud that I am a Canadian and that these are my compatriots. I have said elsewhere and I repeat here that, of all my fellow-countrymen, the first place in my heart is for those in whose veins flows the blood that courses through my own. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to say that the rights of my compatriots of other races are as dear, as sacred as the rights of my own race, and if it should happen that they were attacked, I would defend them with the same energy and vigour that I would display on behalf of my own people."

"I say I, but ought I not rather say, we?" continued Mr. Laurier. "Yes, we who are the sons of France, of that generous nation which has so often shed its blood in defending the weak and the oppressed, cannot but be ready at all times to defend the rights of our compatriots of other nationalities with the same energy that we defend our own with. I claim for all an equal share of the sunshine, of justice, of liberty. That share we enjoy in ample measure, and what we ask for ourselves we are eager to grant to others. As for myself, I do not wish the French-Canadians to dominate over any one or any one to dominate over them. Equal justice, equal rights! It is written that the hairs of our heads are numbered, and that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without the permission of a Providence that is

eternally wise. May we not believe then, that, when the final struggle took place on the Plains of Abraham, and the fortune of arms turned against us, it was in the designs of Providence that the two races so long foes to each other should live henceforth in peace and harmony on this continent and constitute but a single nation? That, gentlemen, is the idea which inspired the Canadian Confederation."

Notice has been given that application will be made to Parliament for an act to incorporate the Sault Ste. Marie and Hudson Bay Railway. As we have already pointed out, the construction of such a line is quite practicable. The main difficulty is the poorness of harbour accommodation on James Bay. Moose Factory, the proposed terminus, is a mere roadstead, where only craft of light draught can enter, and there is really no alternative. Engineering can, of course, do much to improve it, and, if the company proceed with the enterprise, the harbour question is sure to find a solution. That such an undertaking should be projected is additional evidence of the change that has overtaken public opinion as to the value of the remoter portions of the Canadian Dominion. The time is not beyond the memory of some of our younger readers when such a scheme would have simply excited ridicule. Now, it is regarded as in the natural course of our industrial and commercial development. The value of the Hudson Bay route was thoroughly ventilated a few years ago by a select committee appointed to enquire into the navigation of the Bay. On the suggestion of the committee, which elicited a good deal of favourable evidence, a system of observation was ordered, which comprised the despatch of an expedition to Hudson Bay under command of Lieut. Gordon, R.N. The results of Lieut. Gordon's voyages, which have been published, are cited both by the advocates and the opponents of the route.

It is satisfactory to know that the South American delegates have had, at least, a glimpse of the great north land, of which some of them, it is said, have confused and incorrect notions. It is a pity, however, that they should not see something more of the country than the acceptance of an evening's hospitalities just across the line would imply. The glorious Indian summer shows Canada in a guise which would be a novelty to some of the inter-tropical visitors. It must be remembered, of course, that parts of Chili and the Argentine Republic are as temperate as Canada itself. Our northern cities, industries and social life, and the evidence of wealth and prosperity to be met with in the Dominion would tend to correct any wrong impressions that may have been made on the minds of the delegates. Canada has for years been trying—like our neighbours—to bring about closer relations between Central and South America and ourselves. A Canadian commissioner visited Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay to that end last year, and, in view of the prevailing desire for the profitable exchange of Canadian products with those of South America, the opportunity of letting the visitors see what Canada really is seems too good to be lost.

The best experiment in repatriation yet attempted is that which the new cotton mill at Montmorenci Falls is about to put to the test. Of the two hundred hands to be employed, it is expected that a good many will be Canadians returned from United States factory towns. The mills, which, with the machinery of the best modern design,

are computed to have cost \$150,000, will make a speciality of white and gray cottons for the Chinese market.

Some of the revelations made by the House of Lords committee on the "sweating" system are a disgrace to British civilization. Most deplorable especially was the state of things disclosed in the course of the enquiry as to the employment and remuneration of women and girls. In some cases the occupations in which they were found to be engaged were utterly unfitted for their sex; yet for daily toil of a character that would tax the physical strength of even the strongest men, they received starvation wages. In the chain-making industry in Staffordshire, a married woman, according to the testimony rendered, received six shillings and sixpence a week (less than \$1.75) for making a hundred weight of common chain. At this terrible drudgery, for this pittance, she toiled from seven in the morning till seven at night. For the same work the son was paid just double the amount apportioned to his mother. This class of work, like the other phases of labour that came under the cognizance of the committee, was done, not directly for the owners of factories, but for intermediaries known as "foggers," who, of course, took good care to make their own profits.

A feature of the sweating system in this industry, which aggravates the ruthless cruelty practised on the victims, is that the "foggers" claim the privilege of selling provisions to those who work for them at their own prices. If demur is made, work is refused. Other departments of iron manufacture yielded like results. In fact, the whole system, as exposed by a long and searching inquiry, is so repugnant to the principles of humanity and justice that one wonders how it could ever have gained ground in the United Kingdom. It is no wonder that discontent prevails, and that the "masses" distrust a religion that bears such fruit.

The Canadian branch of the Imperial Federation League held an important meeting recently, at which there was a large attendance. Letters of apology or suggestion were read from some absent members, including the Archbishop of Halifax and Mr. J. Israel Tarte, editor of *Le Canadien*. Among those present were Col. O'Brien, M.P., Col. Denison, M.P., Mr. Jehu Matthews, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, Dr. Bourinot and Mr. Dalton McCarthy, M.P., who presided. Resolutions were passed in favour of a London conference, at which all parts of the Empire should be represented. We are glad to believe that the tendency of this movement is to bring the scattered parts of the British Empire into closer intercourse, sympathy and co-operation with each other than they have been in the past and to give reality to the principle of common interests and responsibilities. The task is one for giants in statesmanlike intellect and energy. When we know how hard it is to make the people of one of our own provinces to concern themselves in the welfare of their fellow-citizens in another province—when the felt *vis inertia* of local prejudices and selfishness so often stands in the way of any scheme whose profits are not present and visible—we can imagine how difficult it must be to create in Natal an interest in the fortunes of British Columbia, in New Zealand, any thought of the "French shore" question in Newfoundland, or in Yorkshire any indignation at the Behring Sea outrages.

It is now five years since the League was organized, and since then branches have been estab-



lished all over the Empire. This far-spread organization is a bulwark against the assaults of would-be disintegrators, and a valuable ally to the Royal Colonial Institute, in its efforts to obtain due recognition of the worth of the colonies. But to bring into fruitful existence that proud and generous sentiment of imperial unity which would make the trials or triumphs, the progress or the back-going of every community from the Empire's metropolis to its remotest dependency a matter of sympathetic concern to every other—that must be a matter of time, a matter of education. How few in the United Kingdom or the Colonies study the history and geography of the Empire or know what it means! In helping to remove that ignorance and apathy—which are the great obstacles to any closer union—the League is doing a good work.

Complaints are made of the havoc among the schools of mackerel through the use of the purse seine. The effect of permitting this long-since condemned net to be employed in the fishery is ruinous to the supply of one of the most delicate of our fish. Nor is it really profitable to those whom greed or ignorance, backed by the remissness of the authorities, impels to sweep the waters with such exterminating tackle. Their catch is necessarily largely useless, and a great part of it has to be got rid of, to the pollution of the fishery grounds, and their ultimate evacuation. Thus by the net in the first place, which leaves no breeders to renew the race, and by the putrefaction of the waters in the second, the grounds are being gradually made an abomination of desolation. It is time that the Government came down with a heavy hand on such offenders.

#### OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The degree of attention that Canada has attracted from strangers, not only from the United States and Europe, but from the far east and the distant south has been in proportion to the means of rapid and comfortable travel placed at their disposal. Some of our readers can, doubtless, recall the years when Quebec and Toronto were practically farther apart than England is from Canada to-day; when Halifax and Montreal were for half the year separated by a wilderness only traversed with delay and fatigue hardly imaginable by those whose experience is limited to the Intercolonial; when British Columbia was reached, whether by land or sea, only after months of lonely drudgery or a voyage half round the world. Those who remember the overland march of our military defenders in 1861, or the journey of the emigrant party across the plains and mountains to British Columbia in the following year will be able to appreciate the revolution which a few years have wrought. The Intercolonial virtually opened up a new world to the people of old Canada, while it gave the Maritime Provinces easy access to the region of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. But there was still more than half a continent cut off from the older and largely settled portion of the Dominion. To link the eastern with the western extremity was the task of the Canadian Pacific Company, the completion of whose vast line gave a meaning to Confederation which it never had before. While the links that bound our country into one were thus being riveted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, railways of shorter range were bringing cities, towns and districts into communication with each other until the five older provinces were covered with a net-work of routes

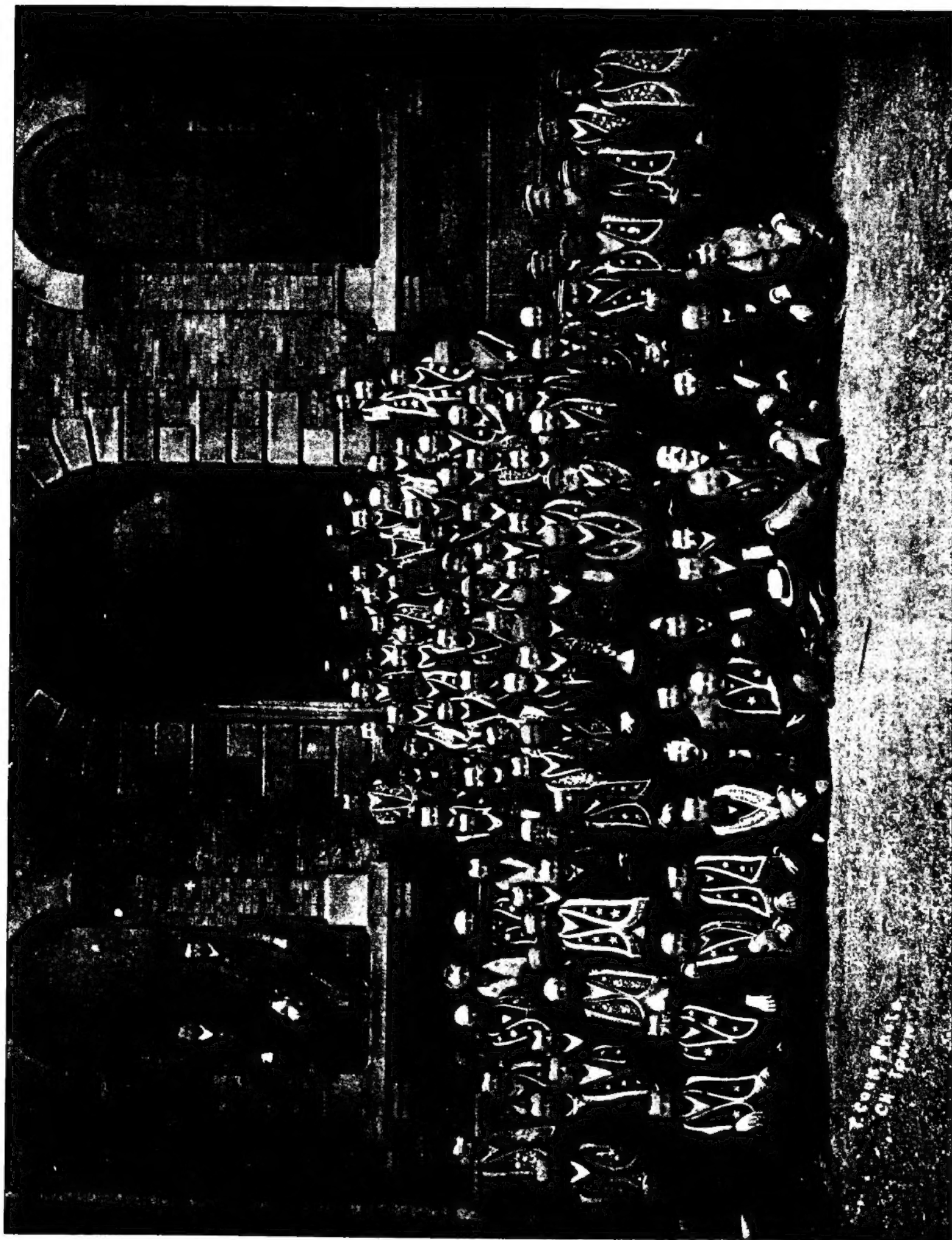
which brought remotest settlements within the reach of the great centres of population. The result has been a quickening of curiosity both among Canadians and outsiders as to the resources, scenery and inhabitants of the previously little known parts of the Dominion and, once quickened, there was every inducement to gratify it. Places even out of beaten routes of travel are now better known than Toronto, or Montreal, or Halifax used to be some years ago. A gentleman who visited an old fashioned place under the impression that he had at last got away from the madding crowd of those who go to and fro upon the earth was surprised, on examining the register of the quaint little inn, to find the names of tourists from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and a series of Canadian cities which only found its terminus at Nanaimo. There is, indeed, hardly a point of interest in peopled Canada, hardly a region, in the vast extent of its still uninhabited, but largely habitable areas, that has not been depicted by the pen and pencil of the tourist or explorer.

Since Principal Grant and Mr. O'Brien, with their able staff of coadjutors, gave to the world in "Picturesque Canada" a graphic and comprehensive panorama of our country from ocean to ocean, the development of the Dominion, especially in the North-West, has been extraordinary. It is during this interval that the grand heritage of the Canadian people has obtained the largest share of that recognition from the outside world which is its tardily paid due. During the half of that interval our trans-continental railway has been in operation along its whole extent. During the progress of its construction many who were impatient to see the wonderland of the Fertile Belt, availed themselves of the line to its constantly receding terminus to catch a glimpse of even the border of the new land of promise. In due time the whole vast plain to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains was traversed by the rails. Then came the most critical portion of the undertaking, opening up fresh vistas of ever changing grandeur, till at last the mighty obstacle was surmounted, and through the seeming chaos of towering peaks it made its way triumphantly to the sea. One effect of the finished undertaking was the decentralization of interest. Instead of one El Dorado, to which men flocked as the only source of quickly won prosperity, it was then seen that even in the most favoured land, there was for the mass of mortals no royal road to wealth, but that to those who strive and wait opportunity is never wanting when nature is benign. Not to yield unearned fortunes to a few, but to provide happy homes for many was the object aimed at in the transfer and opening up of the realms of the fur kings. The attainment of that object in the amplest sense is only a matter of time. The success achieved so far may have come short of the expectations of the over-sanguine, but those who compare the Canada of a quarter of a century ago with the Canada of the present must admit that a change has taken place which not even the forecasts of the most far-seeing could have predicted.

A patriotic historian has conceived and carried out an idea which is sure to find approval from our readers—that of gathering into a single copiously illustrated volume all that exploration, art, study and research have revealed regarding the great natural features, scenery, resources, history and manifold development of the vast inter-oceanic territory known as the Dominion of Canada. For such a work the title with which we have headed

these remarks is perfectly appropriate. "Our Own Country" is, as we learn from the title-page, "an account of the extent, resources, physical aspect, industries, cities and chief towns of the Provinces of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia." The author, who has written a "History of Canada," which is deservedly popular, a work on the "Catacombs of Rome," of which Mr. Gladstone has expressed a high opinion, a book of European travel, and several other works of merit, is a Canadian of U. E. Loyalist stock and is ardently devoted to his native land, whose natural wealth and charms he has made it a labour of love to describe. Before beginning his task he travelled over the continent, visiting all the centres of industrial and commercial activity, all spots of historic interest or romantic association, all localities noteworthy for the beauty or sublimity of the scenery or for exceptional features in the life of the people. The Rev. Dr. Withrow—for it is he to whom we owe this volume—starts on his interesting and instructive journey from the City of Halifax, and, after many a digression into by-paths that we would not miss, guides the reader, by the new North-West passage, to the shores of the Pacific. On the devious route he entertains us with lore, legend and poetry, gathered from many sources, while at every stage art is the handmaid of literature. There are no less than 360 engravings, all well executed and some of them exceedingly fine, illustrative of Canadian scenery, history, social life, industries and amusements. Under Dr. Withrow's lucid and cheerful guidance, we survey Halifax from the citadel, and, recalling that July day in 1749, when Governor Cornwallis, with his infant colony, sailed into Chebucto harbour, admire the beauty of the scene and the enterprise of the people; we contemplate, with reflections on the vanity of human ambition, the desolation of once proud Louisburg; we watch in fancy the first valiant attempt at European colonization at Annapolis and mourn over the wreck of a people's hopes at Grand Pré; we cruise along Prince Edward Island, not unmindful of the terrible Lord's Day Gale, or listen to the almost human cry of the young harp seals as the ruthless gaff descends upon their guiltless heads; we welcome the Loyalists to St. John and praise the enterprise of their descendants, glancing backward meanwhile at the strifes of La Tour and Charnisay in an earlier day; we cross the borderland between Acadia and Canada and dream of the past in the storied city of Champlain; we stand upon the spot where De Maisonneuve landed, with prayer and praise upon his lips, and looking in vain for some memorial of that worthy founder, conclude that, perhaps, his best monument is the city of his toils and love; thinking of La Salle, we glance at Lachine, and wonder what Sir George Simpson would say of his metamorphosed domain; "Ottawa's tide" teems with associations of the early and the latter past, but we don't forget to pay a tribute to the patient heroism of Col. By, while hearing the thrilling tale of the Long Sault in George Murray's verse; with Sangster we acknowledge the charm of the Thousand Islands, and salute his birthplace; with Mr. Lighthall we do homage to the Queen City and Governor Simcoe, and meet Mr. Kirby musing on old times at his "ancient capital"; with Campbell's music in our ears we land at Port Arthur and push on to prairieland, which has found a *sacer vates* in



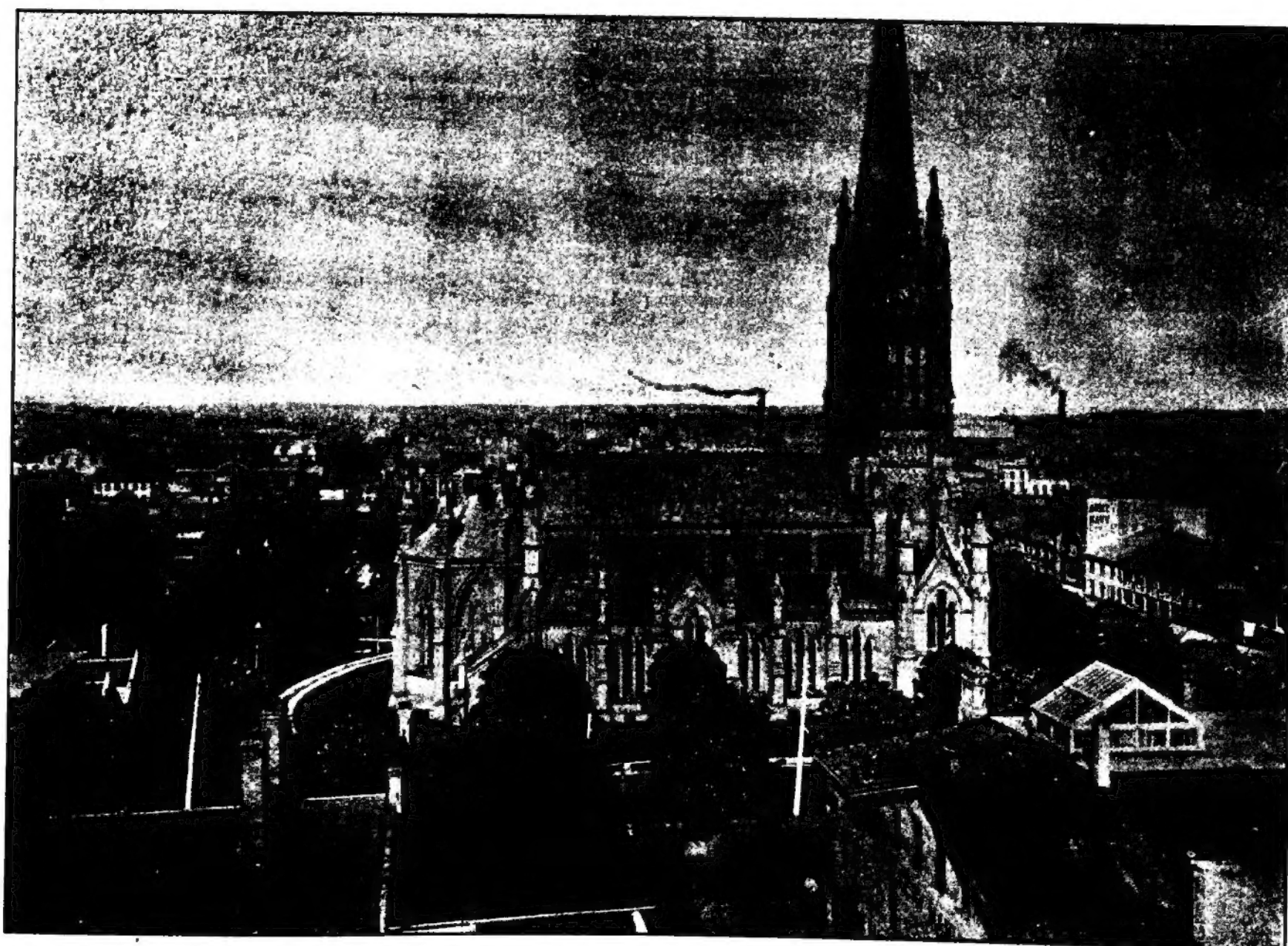


GRAND LODGE I.O.O.F., 34th SESSION, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

Thos. Cook, photo.



UNION DEGREE STAFF, I.O.O.F., CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.



ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

Photo. by Mr. R. C. Matheson.



Prof. Bryce: a "Voice from the Saskatchewan" hurries us on:

As yon moon disappeareth,  
We pass and are past;  
The Pale Face o'er all things  
Is potent at last.

Our guide has plenty to say of the Indian and shows us much of his handiwork and manner of living under the new dispensation; we also see much of prairie farming and find no lack of other culture—*testibus* Mair the Strong and the genial author of "An Epic of the Dawn"; the Rocky Mountains are familiar to our guide, and we share his raptures; he shows a picture called "The Germ of Vancouver," and then waves his hand and says proudly "Circumspice"; at Victoria "Young China" awaits us and we see a "cycle of Cathay" in his calm, old fashioned, childish face. Much more, indeed, does Dr. Withrow show us of the wonders of "Our Own Country."

But he has not shown them all. Excellent as his book is, and admirably as it serves the purpose of indicating the multiplicity of features of interest that every intelligent Canadian may study in the physical characteristics, the scenery, the manifold natural wealth, the social and industrial life, and the eventful history of his native or adopted land, it only gives an example here and there out of thousands equally noteworthy that surround us on every side. Every day, moreover, adds some fresh topic to be illustrated by science and art and letters. It was to keep "Our Own Country," with all its myriad phases of development from day to day before our own people and those of other lands, to impress upon them how richly it has been blessed by nature, to signalize its vast reserve of various wealth, to foster a national pride in its not inglorious past, to confirm that solidarity to which Confederation gave theoretical existence, and to make what concerns each province and city, as far as possible, the interest of the whole Dominion, to emphasize what of conviction and aspiration the two great sections of our people have in common, to promote mutual sympathy, harmony and co-operation—these were the aims for which this journal was founded, these are the aims which it has consistently pursued, and, on behalf of which the publishers have confidently appealed for support to the enlightened Canadian public.

#### WHAT IS SAID OF US IN ENGLAND.

Extract from a letter of Jabez Hogg, Esq., F.R.C.S., London, Eng., dated Sept. 21st, 1889, to a friend in this city:

"The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED I am glad to receive, not for the first time by any means. We look upon it as a prize and a charming specimen of good printing, in which the illustrations are so faithfully rendered by photography as to cause them to be worth preserving. We get, too, by its aid, for the first time, a true representation of some Canadian town, barely before heard of and certainly not familiar to us, giving us more than a glimpse of Canada."

Eliza Cook, the well known English poetess, died at Wimbledon, England, lately. She was seventy-one years of age. She was the author of "The Old Arm Chair," "The Last Good Bye," and other popular poems which had been set to music.

A. Conan Doyle, the author of the successful historical novel, "Micah Clarke," which deals with the Monmouth rebellion, is an English physician, about thirty years old, and a noted magazine contributor. He is a nephew of Doyle, the famous caricaturist of Punch.

It is probable that two of the most popular books of the coming London publishing season, will be Lady Dufferin's "Our Viceregal Life," being selections from her Indian Journal, and the third and concluding volume of Mr. T. A. Trollope's very interesting reminiscences. Lady Dufferin's work is not merely a few detached extracts, but will occupy a couple of bulky volumes.



THE LATE THOMAS WORKMAN, ESQ., EX-M.P., ETC.—This engraving presents our readers with the features, familiar to many of them, of a gentleman who for nearly half a century held a prominent position among the merchants of this city, took an enlightened interest in its many-sided progress, was for a considerable time one of its representatives in Parliament, and enjoyed the esteem of the entire community. Since the foundation of this journal, an unusually large number of eminent Canadians have passed away. The death of Mr. Workman, which we record with sincere regret, adds another to the list. Mr. Workman closed a long and successful life on the afternoon of the 9th inst. He had attained the ripe age of 76 years, having been born near Lisburn, County Antrim, Ireland, on the 17th of June, 1813. He came to Canada in 1827, after a perilous voyage in which his ship narrowly escaped disaster. On the completion of his education (begun in Ireland) at the old Union school in this city, he entered the store of the late John White, transferring his services in 1834, to the firm of Frothingham & Co., where he took the post of junior clerk. Being admitted a partner in 1843 he soon assumed a chief place in the management. In 1859, on the retirement of Mr. J. Frothingham and his brother, the late Mr. William Workman, he became senior partner, the house continuing to progress in influence, wealth and the honorable estimation of the mercantile world. For fifty-five years it has occupied the same premises on St. Paul street, which have been for much of that time a recognized headquarters of the hardware trade of Canada. Besides attending to the interests of this large business, Mr. Workman has also been prominent in the management of many financial institutions in which he had invested his surplus capital. He was for twenty years a director and for many years president of the Molsens Bank, president of the Sun Insurance Company, and a director of the City and District Savings Bank, and of the Canada Shipping Company. He also took an active interest in philanthropic work. He was twice president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, a life governor of the General Hospital and a life governor of the Fraser Institute, to which he liberally contributed. He was one of the founders of the Church of the Messiah, of which he was a member. He also gave freely to the cause of education as represented by our chief seat of learning, McGill College. The Montreal Chess Club numbered him among its active members. The troublous times of '37-'38 saw Mr. Workman well to the front on the loyal side. He was a well known member of the famous Doric Club, an organization which attracted many of the younger men of the English-speaking population. He took part as a volunteer in the fight at St. Eustache, the movement on St. Benoit and other operations of the campaign, being promoted to a lieutenancy as a reward for his zeal and ability. In politics Mr. Workman was a Liberal, though of late years, like many others, he was less pronounced in his views than formerly. He was twice elected to the House of Commons, in 1867, for Montreal Centre, by acclamation, and again in 1875 for Montreal West, when he defeated Hon. Thomas White in one of the closest contests the constituency ever saw. He travelled much both in the old and new worlds, and on the continent of Europe there were few countries, except Russia, he did not visit at various times. His views were broad and his sentiments liberal. His industry was untiring. When necessity called for it, he would work sixteen hours a day and for weeks at a time. To this, his energy, and his determination to maintain the honorable reputation of his house, he owed the success of a career which is in its way a striking example and encouragement to the younger generation of business men. His death takes away from Montreal's mercantile life a clear-headed, strong willed, honorable-minded man, whom it will not soon forget. The deceased gentleman came of a stock which made its mark in the great turning-point of English history. The father of the first of the Irish branch of it, the Rev. William Workman, is mentioned in Neale's History of the Puritans. He was for some time minister of St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester, and has come down to posterity not only as a man of piety, wisdom and moderation, but also as one who suffered his share of persecution in the years when religious fervour was too often associated with partisan zeal. One of his many sons, also a William, held a commission in the army of the Commonwealth, fought at Naseby, and received a grant of land in Ireland for his services. Those who settled in Canada showed themselves worthy of their descent from these freedom-loving ancestors. In business and professional circles their name is held in honour. William and Thomas in Montreal, Joseph and Benjamin in Toronto, Alexander in Ottawa, all won success in their respective callings; all reached advanced age. Dr. Joseph Workman, distinguished on this continent as an alienist, is in his 83rd year, and the brother in Ottawa is still older. Mr. Thomas Workman has left no family. His wife, Annabella, daughter of the late Mr. John Eadie, whom he married in 1845, died on the 7th of March last. The funeral, which took place on Friday, the 12th inst., was attended by a large concourse of citizens of Montreal and friends from other places.

GRAND LODGE I.O.O.F.—The thirty-fourth annual session of this body was held at Charlottetown, P.E.I., on the 14th

and 15th August. About one hundred and fifty delegates were in attendance. Brother Thomas Cook succeeded in taking a very fine photograph of the representatives from the south side of the Law Courts building, and it is from this photograph that our engraving is taken.

UNION DEGREE TEAM, I.O.O.F., CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—This team, which ranks first in the Lower Provinces, if not in Canada, was organized by Brother Past Grand Master Bremner about one year ago. The members are all enthusiastic and take an honest pride in their work. At the exemplification of the secret work before the session of the Grand Lodge, at Charlottetown, on the evening of the 14th of August, the highest encomiums were passed by many of the visitors on the creditable manner in which each officer acquitted himself. As there was not room for the names of the gentlemen whose portraits are given in this engraving, we give them here in the order in which they appear, from left to right, taking the three rows consecutively, beginning with the rear rank:—J. F. Whear, Wm. Small, Geo. M. Moore, P.G., George Walker, P.G., F. H. Sellar, Chas. E. Morris, J. S. Nelson, P.G., A. J. Houle, P. G. Maynard, P.G., W. R. Boreham, P.G., R. D. Coffin, P.G., F. W. Harper, P.G., Theo. L. Chappelle, D.G.M., Benj. Bremner, P.G.M., (Degree Master); A. D. White, P.G., W. G. Gillespie, P.G., J. D. Taylor, N.G., Pope Clark, P.G., J. A. Hale, W. A. Hawley, Organist; J. E. Bell, J. T. Hardy.

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.—This fine view of one of the most imposing ecclesiastical structures in Canada differs from that published in No. 13 of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, September 29, 1888, in being more broad-side, and giving a good idea of the city in the immediate neighborhood. For a description of the edifice we refer our readers to the number just mentioned. The photograph from which our engraving is copied is by Mr. R. C. Mathewson, an amateur artist of ability.

THE HALIFAX DRY DOCK.—The first suggestion of a dry dock for Halifax dates back as far as the year 1875, but it was not till 1882 that the enterprise began to take practical shape. In the latter year the city council sent the city engineer, Mr. Keating, to inspect and report on the principal dry docks on this continent. In conformity with his instructions, he visited Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk, Virginia, examining altogether twelve of the most important structures of this nature in the United States. Three of them were built of stone, the others were of wood. In January, 1883, the engineer made an elaborate report on the result of his inquiries, in which, besides the docks in the cities just mentioned, he described three in course of construction—one in California and two in Canada. Of the latter, that at Esquimaux, B.C., is a splendid fabric of solid stone, 400 feet long, with iron gates; the other, that of Quebec, is of stone, 533 feet in bottom, and 534½ in top length, 72 feet in bottom, and 100 feet in top breadth. Its cost is \$600,000. Of the American dry docks, one at Mare Island, California, cost \$2,500,000; that of the Brooklyn navy yard, over \$2,000,000. They varied in length from 45 to 600 feet at the top. Some of the citizens thought a wooden dock would satisfy all requirements, but the British Admiralty insisted on the material being stone. The subsidies were obtained according to this apportionment: Halifax city, \$10,000 a year, for 20 years; Dominion Government, \$10,000 a year, for 20 years; Imperial Government, \$10,000 a year, for 20 years. A company was formed in England, known as the Halifax Graving Dock Company, of which Admiral Comberell (a former commander of Her Majesty's fleet in these waters) was chairman, with a capital of \$1,000,000. Mr. Jones, on the company's behalf, entered into a contract with the city. The agreement was for a stone dock of the following dimensions: Length, 580 feet; width at top, 102 feet; width at bottom, 72 feet; depth of water over sill, 30 feet. When the contract was entered into the proposed dock would take in the largest ship then in the world, but since then larger steamships have been constructed, and to accommodate them the dock has been lengthened 21 feet, so that now a ship having a keel of 568 feet can easily be docked. The City of Rome is the longest ship at present afloat and she is but 560 feet. The 568 feet is the length of the bottom of the dock and there is a flare of 20 feet between the bottom and top at head of the dock; this twenty feet can be excavated at any time to that extent, thus giving a total length of 580 feet at the bottom or 601 feet on the coping level, if a ship requiring such space is ever built, but many years are likely to elapse before then. Therefore, the Halifax Graving Dock can be looked upon as ample to accommodate any vessel that will ever be built. The English company made a contract for the building of the vast work with S. Pearson & Son, of Westminster, London—large railway and dock contractors—who associated with them Mr. S. M. Brookfield, of Halifax, whose name is synonymous with push and enterprise. The first sod was turned in May, 1886, by the then Mayor Mackintosh, and from that time till now, without interruption, day and night (by the electric light), these gentlemen have pushed the work, employing on an average 350 men. The situation of the dock is at the north end of the harbour, between the location of the Nova Scotia Sugar Refinery and the admiralty dockyard. It was, for several reasons, a most difficult one to construct a dock upon. The excavations were all in solid rock, having to be drilled and blasted; the rock was used to form the large quay on the water side of the dock, giving an area of 90,000 feet, which will be useful for storing cargo and for a coal depot. It is connected by sidings with the Intercolonial Railway, so that in case a disabled steamship comes into



## A CANADIAN IDYLL.

Our vast Dominion is to a great many of its inhabitants, as it is to the majority of foreigners, a *terra incognita*. We are popularly imagined to be possessed of miles of impenetrable virgin pine forest, of interminable leagues of snow and ice; and woe be unto the unfortunate denizen of our frozen shores, to the unhappy one whose mournful kismet destines him to lingering and agonizing exile on these barren wastes. How different these ideas are from the more pleasant than stern realities the readers of this magazine at all events know. But even among them there are few who do not, when our mighty domain is under discussion, depressingly remark,—that while Nature is in all its moods seen at its best in this country, while the inanimate beauties of our land are unsurpassed, the element of interesting human life and surroundings is lacking; that, owing to the youth of the country, the population is yet engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the ogres of practical business life, that they have not time to reach the mellow ripeness which distinguishes the people and the homes of European countries; that we are, in short, like our unequalled scenery, crude. Of this mistaken belief I was until recently a disciple, and longed for the unattainable wonders of the Old World, passing by with unobservant eyes the wonders of the New, and was consequently viewed by an enthusiastic Canadian relic-hunter as a Philistine and an alien to Israel. However, accident at last brought me to an ancient French village.

It was about seven o'clock on a still September evening, and from the quiet river running parallel with the straggling village streets the mists rose lightly up like incense to the far receding sky, a sickle moon hung motionless between the heaven and the earth, a lance-like reflection dipping like a golden bar into the silent depths of the stream. On the opposite shore the dying coals of a camp fire gleamed like a jewel on the hem of the dark robe of the forest, and from far up the little river came the voices of the campers, their stentorian notes softened by the distance. All noises were hushed, or seemed harmonized into one sweet vesper hymn. The quiet of the evening muffled the sounds that would otherwise have disturbed the almost silent music of the place, and all sounds seemed gathered into one blending harmony by the accompaniment of the reeds that fringed the banks, rustling as they moved obedient to the light commands of the wind and current.

From the upper end of the village I drifted slowly down the street, picking my way among children and dogs mingled in one nappy family, (by the way, there are so many dogs I firmly believe they are held on a communistic principle, which makes a fair and honourable average of three per family). Upon the steps of the little log houses, roofed with moss-grown shingles, in some rare instances with colour symphonies of thatch, sat groups of the older folk of the village—the men smoking at well-burnt clays, enjoying the rest so well earned; the women sitting at the close of day with quiet hands for the first time since early morn. And in the gathering twilight the little drama of Gabriel and Evangeline found many exponents, assured, let us hope, that the curtain will fall on the last act in the one romance in their hum-drum lives, with a happier, if less theatrical, "finis."

Suddenly, or rather softly and easily (for one could not endure the jar and discord of suddenness in that peaceful, sleepy hollow), came silence on all the groups—the children sought their parental steps, the men removed their pipes from their lips, the women froze into a state of rigid erectness, spread their voluminous skirts, or if possible, vain or anxious as regards their appearance (shame and disgrace be upon me did I say that such were probable), disappeared ignominiously. Glancing up from an engrossing study of the slow pace of a snail, without exception the slowest that I had met, I looked into the intellectual face and eyes of the village curé. For a moment the idea came upon me that I had encountered at last a jarring note in the music of the place. I thought

a figure more in keeping would have been an old priest, a father to his people, like the priest of the parish of Grand-Pré. But here was a young man, one whom you might expect to meet in the schools of theology, in the heat of polemic debate and not rusting in an obscure village. However, here he was and happy in his work, ministering to the many needs of his parish. With a kind word to the parents, and sundry pats on the heads of the children, to whom he was an object of reverential awe, he passed up the village street to his solitary home. Turning, I introduced myself, and he, glad to welcome one from the outside world, greeted me cordially and invited me into his parochial abode, the gate of which we had just reached.

Standing back from the road a distance of about fifty feet was an old square house, built in the time when the average architect held the idea that as the approach to the lines of the old Grecian temple became nearer, the beauty of the building increased. We, perhaps, of to-day have gone too far in the other direction, and bent all our energies on the one idea of divergence from simplicity and uniqueness. To such a building as the curé's house time and age alone could work the change that caused it to cease to be an eye-sore. And with a gentle hand he, whose hour-glass never ceases to run, had covered the nakedness and defects of the old house with a mantle of beauty. Here mossy walls and clinging ivy hid the ugly bareness of the lines, and drew the otherwise hideous building into the deep, slumbrous colour of the drowsy village.

The plot of ground in front was shadowed darkly by the intermingled branches of the many trees, by whose leafy arches

"A web is wov'n across the sky."

A gravelled, but weedy, path led to the steps, which, in a state of respectable decay, struggled up to the heavy oak door, the path looking for all the world as if held down by the stones, which at regular intervals bordered its narrow width. At the door of his solitary abode I left the curé, gazing out towards the glowing firs of sunset blazing in the west with the clouds, a glory of purple and gold, floating like smoke-wreaths above them. To his idyllic life I left him, living not in the life of to-day, but in the life of his beloved silver-tongued Virgil, and Homer of the golden speech. At last reaching the lower wharf of the village, where I found my boat moored, I left behind me the happy life of the little French village, and with vandal oars disturbing the even surface and brightly coloured reflections of the waters, I pulled back through the gathering twilight, back through the golden-tinted river mist to the heart-burnings and strivings of the hurried life of the city.

## FOR COPYING DRAWINGS.

A new method of copying drawings which may be found of service in architects' offices, is given in the *Deutsches Baumgewerbes Blatt*. Any kind of opaque drawing paper in ordinary use may be employed for this purpose, stretched in the usual way over the drawing to be copied or traced. Then, by the aid of a cotton pad, the paper is soaked with benzine. The pad causes the benzine to enter the pores of the paper, rendering the latter more transparent than the finest tracing paper. The most delicate lines and tints show through the paper so treated, and may be copied with the greatest ease, for pencil, Indian ink, or water colours take equally well on the benzinized surface. The paper is neither creased nor torn, remaining whole and supple. Indeed, pencil marks and water colour tinting last better upon paper treated in this way than on any other kind of tracing paper, the former being rather difficult to remove by rubber. When large drawings are to be dealt with, the benzine treatment is only applied to parts at a time, thus keeping pace with the rapidity of advancement with the work. When the copy is completed the benzine rapidly evaporates and the paper resumes its original white and opaque appearance without betraying the faintest trace of the benzine. If it is desired to fix lead pencil marks on ordinary drawing or tracing paper, this may be done by wetting it with milk and drying in the air

the dock and it is urgent that her cargo be forwarded to its destination with despatch it can be reshipped by either rail or water without delay. The site is by far the best that could be selected in the city, being near the naval yard and if desirable can be connected without trouble with the dockyard by rail. The dock is of granite and concrete. The entire work is of the most substantial character, everything being first-class. The dock will be emptied by powerful engines, having two 60 centrifugal pumps, which discharge 40,000 gallons of water a minute, and are capable of entirely emptying the dock in three and a half hours. The cost of the site was settled by arbitration, the owners of the property, Messrs. Wm. Chisholm, David McPherson (his worship the mayor) and Joseph Kaye, being awarded \$70,000. The total cost of the entire works was in the vicinity of \$1,000,000. The dock can take in the largest warship without removing its guns or armament, or merchantman without discharging cargo. This is the only dock on this side of the ocean that can do so. There are 90,000 feet of quay space around the dock, ample for immense coal depots (which might be used in case of war) or storage room. The only place for repairing disabled vessels previously in existence here was the marine slip at Dartmouth, which cannot accommodate anything above 3,000 tons. The formal opening of the dock, which took place on the 19th ult., marked an important epoch in the commercial history of Halifax. Halifax is the third city on this side of the Atlantic as regards the number of ocean steamships entering its port during a year, New York being first and Boston second. The following table gives the number of arrivals at Halifax (ocean steamships only being referred to) for the years indicated:

Year.	Steamers.	Tonnage.
1886.....	351.....	463,057
1887.....	336.....	456,253
1888.....	367.....	480,264
1889 (to June).....	223.....	285,000

Halifax and Canada are to be congratulated on the possession of such a magnificent work.

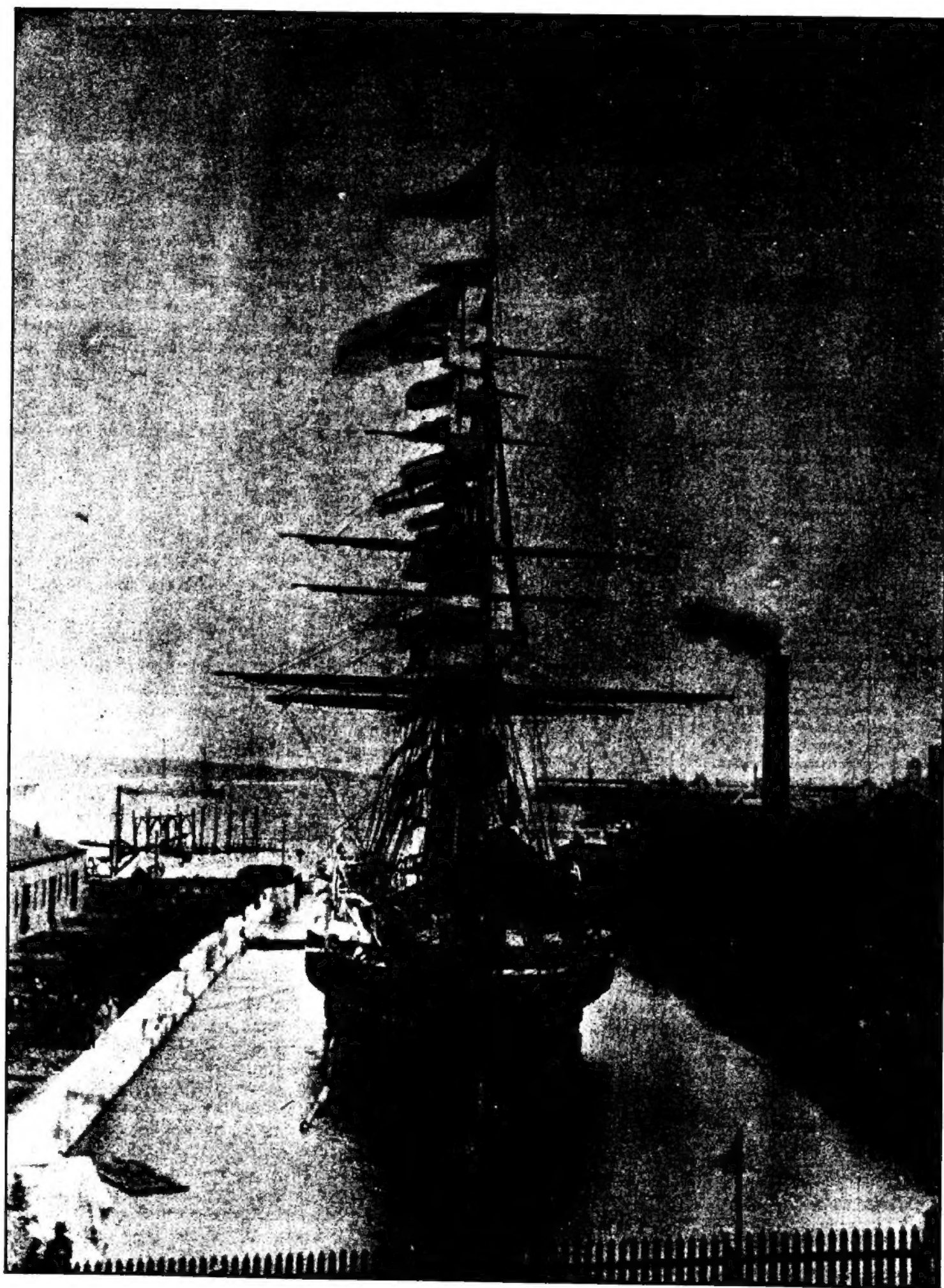
**HARVEST IN MANITOBA.**—The two scenes which these engravings present to our readers interpret themselves. They are fair delineations of what may be seen in the harvest fields of the prairie province. The figures that give life to them are all fine specimens of manhood, personifications of health and prosperity. The crop is a heavy one. It is usual to put three hands on a binder in this country. Equally worthy of notice is the view of "Stacking Wheat." Hundreds, yes, thousands of such scenes as these may be seen in August. In some of the finest districts it is not very rare to see at one time six or eight at work, cutting the golden harvest.

**CONSPIRATORS.**—Whatever may be the plot that engages the thoughts of these ladies, we may be sure that it is not of a very harmful nature. The smiles that make their faces beam as with spiritual sunshine do not imply any deeply laid designs of evil. That they are up to some mild form of mischief is, however, equally evident from the air of mystery of the whisperer and the eager and amused attention of the listener. If we could only have a glimpse of the inside of that letter, of which even the address is artfully concealed, we should, doubtless, find some solution of the problem. Whatever is the theme of their confabulation, they make a pleasant picture, on which our readers may exercise their ingenuity very agreeably.

**HOW HISTORY IS MADE.**—A story is told of one who on a steamer one night was singing to a group upon the deck, "Jesus Lover of my Soul." A stranger in the company was attracted by some peculiar intonation of the singer, and suddenly springing up, said to him—Sir, were you in the army during the late war? Yes, replied he. Do you remember singing that hymn one night on the Pontomac? Yes, one night I was sadly depressed as I was out alone on picket duty, and to cheer myself I sang this sweet old hymn. I, said the stranger, was then in the Confederate army. The night was dark, and I came very near the Union lines, within easy range of a union soldier. I lifted my gun to fire, when I heard him sing, "Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing." I dropped my gun and your life was saved.

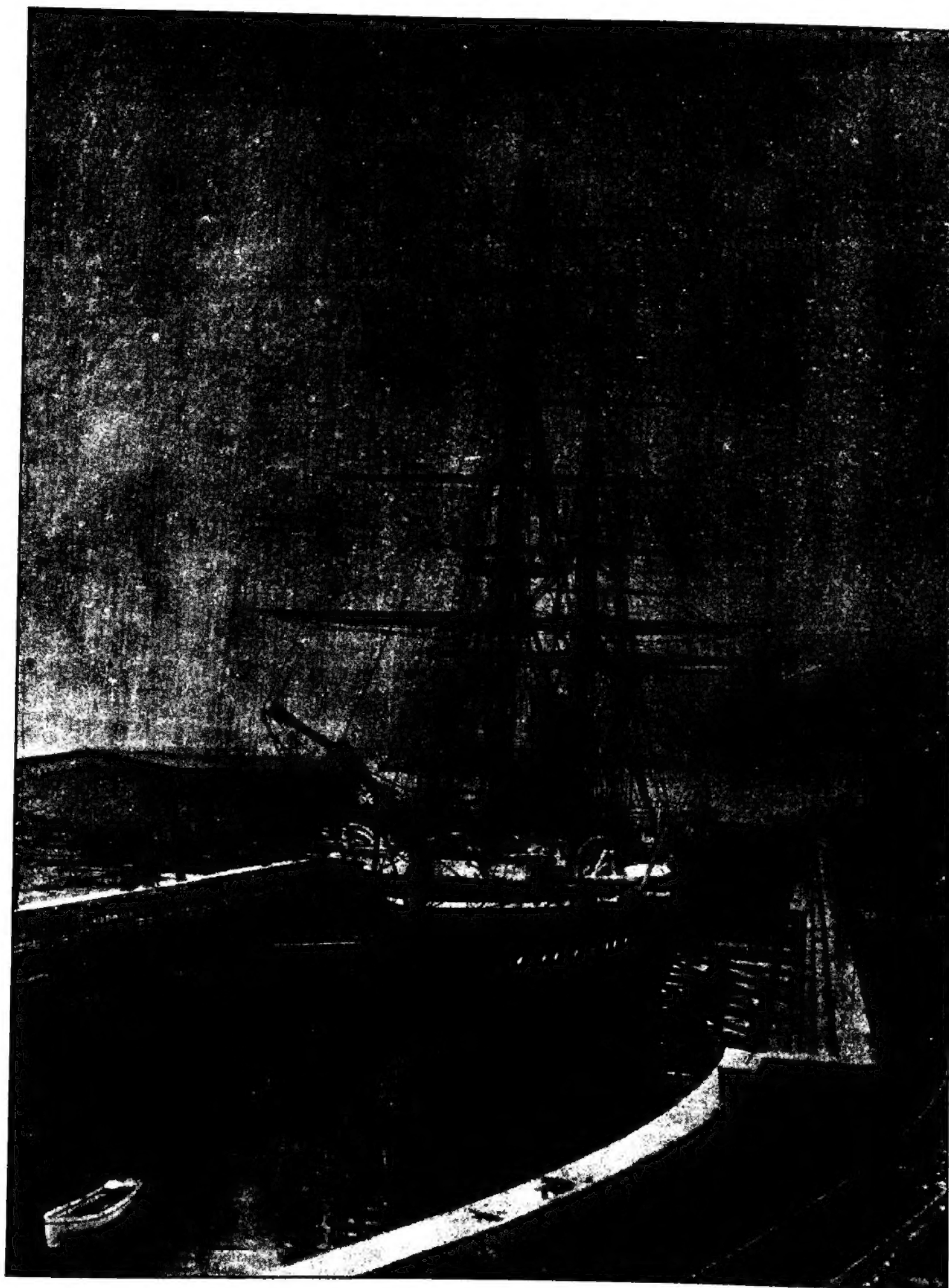
The highest price that Wilkie Collins ever received for a novel was 5000 guineas, which was paid to him for "Armada" by George Smith before a line of the story, which originally appeared in The Cornhill Magazine, had been written. "Armada" has never been a favourite with the public, but it is a very powerful book, and a story of the most absorbing interest, and Dickens expressed a high opinion of it. Just after the the bargain had been concluded between the author and the publisher, there was a discussion at the Athenæum one afternoon about book prices during which Hayward very acrimoniously maintained that George Smith couldn't possibly have paid such a sum to Wilkie Collins, and after he had ranted on the subject for some time, Dickens turned to a friend and whispered: "Can you wonder now that that man is so generally execrated?" Thackeray only a short time before his death congratulated Collins on the transaction, and told him that he had never himself made as much as £5000 by any of his books. The purchase of "Armada" was not a profitable transaction for Mr. Smith, but "Romola" proved a still worse bargain, as £7000 was paid for it, and of the first expensive edition only some 1700 copies were sold. The statement that Collins has left copious reminiscences and numerous stories is incorrect. During the last few years he received several proposals on the subject of reminiscences, but declined to entertain them.





H. M. S. CANADA STEAMING INTO THE NEW DRY DOCK, HALIFAX.

O'Donnell, photo.



VIEW OF THE NEW DRY DOCK, HALIFAX, WITH H. M. S. CANADA UNDER REPAIRS.

O'Donnell, photo.



# IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF 'THIRTY-SEVEN.

## CHAPTER II.

HENRY HEWIT'S HOME.

When Harry Hewit left Frank Arnley, he went at once into the house, and after depositing the guns in the rack, entered the parlour and enquired of his mother if William were in the house.

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Hewit, "I fear William is forgetting us, Harry; it is seldom he calls, even for a few moments now. Have you seen him to-day?"

"No," replied Harry, "but Howis came up the road as I came in, and asked me to send him out to speak to him if he was here."

"Howis? Is not that the man who lives beyond William's place?" asked Mrs. Hewit. "If so the less William has to do with him the better. He is not well spoken of by those who know him best. The times are troublesome, the political horizon looks dark and threatening, and there are fanatics amongst us who seem resolved to drive things to extremities, and thus set loose the evil passions of evil men, of whom there are always some to be found in every community. I hope with all my heart that if the worst comes to the worst, we shall all range on the right side—the side on which our fathers fought and bled—for which they endured unheard of trials, hardships, poverty, exile, aye, death itself."

Mrs. Hewit raised her eyes to her son as she ceased speaking, they were full of tears, and he bent and kissed her, saying, "Never fear for me, mother. My King and my Country next to my God and Heaven."

Mrs. Hewit had been a lovely woman, and still, though time and trouble had dimmed the light of her lustrous brown eyes, and touched her hair with grey, she was beautiful with the beauty of refined intellect and a noble and pious soul.

Her father had been a U. E. Loyalist—one of that persecuted and misrepresented band who endured all that men could endure solely for the sake of adhering to their King and the British Empire. Mrs. Hewit had heard from her earliest infancy the sufferings her parents, in common with others of like constancy, had borne; how the family had been broken up by those stern divisions which set household against household, brother against brother, and even, in some instances, sons against fathers. While with unshaken loyalty her father had remained true to the King, his brother had joined the insurgents, and, though bound to each other by the warmest brotherly affection, they fought on different sides.

At the close of the Revolutionary War her father, Mr. Shirland, came to Canada, then an almost unbroken forest, and began that rough battle of life that only the pioneer knows. But his brother, Henry, was a man of honour, and as soon as the political ferment had subsided sufficiently to allow of the consideration of private affairs, he sent to Mr. Shirland his rightful share of their father's property, and out of respect to so honourable a man Mr. and Mrs. Hewit had named their second son, Henry, after him.

The portion thus received allowed Mr. Shirland to live in comfort and ease, and to give his only child, Alice, the benefit of a good education. And when she was sought and won by Monro Hewit, a man of education and ability from the north of the Tweed, her father did not object to the match, though the suitor was at the time but a merchant's clerk. He would not, however, consent to separation from his child, whose mother had died at her birth, but insisted that the young husband should at once enter upon the use of his wife's fortune and employ himself in the business pursuits of the district. At his death Mr. Shirland left his whole property to the care of his son-in-law, in trust for his two grandsons, merely stating how he wished it divided.

But the father did not live to see his sons attain manhood, and his last words left them in the charge of their mother, in whose judgment and care he expressed the fullest confidence. In this confidence

he was not mistaken. Mrs. Hewit did her duty by her sons faithfully and affectionately, and justly did her children prize her, though more than once she had been pained by William's evident reserve and neglect.

On the night in question Henry and his mother were just retiring to their respective rooms, when a low knocking at the kitchen door startled them. Mrs. Hewit, candle in hand, returned to the parlour, while Henry went to the door.

Opening it cautiously, for already the troublous condition of the times had made itself felt—perhaps more in the rural districts than in the cities—Henry found standing there, Edwards, a man employed upon the farm, and who lived at a little distance down the road. But before the man could reply to Henry's enquiry as to his untimely presence, another man advanced from under the shade of the trees, whom, though covered with dust, his hair disarranged, and his face, such of it as could be seen for the blood, deadly pale, Henry at once recognized as Frank Arnley.

"Oh, Henry," exclaimed Frank, "I am glad it is yourself. I was afraid of alarming your mother, and so asked Edwards here to give an explanation if she came to the door."

"But what has happened, Frank? Come in here; I'll have a fire in a minute. Come in, Edwards."

The hearth fire was soon blazing afresh, and while Edwards plied it with fuel Frank gave Harry an account of his fight with Howis.

"And you do not know what it was he struck you with?" asked Harry with some heat.

"I could not be certain, but it was either a shut clasp-knife or a pistol, but I think the latter."

"The contemptible coward!" cried Harry. "But here comes mother, sit round that she may not be alarmed by the blood, it is so congealed that I can scarcely remove it." "I have a patient, you see," he cried cheerfully, as his mother entered, "I may practise yet in spite of my dislike to the profession."

Though he spoke gaily, Mrs. Hewit was alarmed, and when she saw the wound and learned how long Frank had lain bleeding upon the frosty earth, she said a physician must be had at once as there might be danger of brain fever from such a blow. Frank tried to laugh away the idea of danger and a doctor, but it was an unsuccessful attempt, for in the midst of his raillery his head fell forward upon the table—he had fainted. Henry and Edwards at once placed him in bed, and leaving his mother and Edwards in charge Henry rode furiously for the doctor. Dr. Payson was an old friend of the Hewits, and on Henry's urgent appeal at once took horse and soon arrived at the house, when they found Frank still unconscious, though recovered from the faint. After bleeding him freely and applying leeches to the bruise, for it was more contusion than cut, the doctor pronounced his patient out of danger, even from the cold, which was more to be dreaded than the hurt, and said he would be all right in a day or two. But though the doctor laughed at the idea of further danger, Henry was so anxious for his friend that he consented to remain the night through, and when Frank awoke about the middle of the forenoon of the next day he pronounced him all right, though a little weak from loss of blood, and confused from the effects of the blow.

## CHAPTER III.

THE TEMPER.

On the night in which the incidents before related occurred, other events necessary to record in this history were transpiring.

A mile or more beyond the farm occupied by William Hewit, and a little aside from the main thoroughfare stood a house, dilapidated and neglected, surrounded by a farm in an equally uncared for condition. Loose shingles broke the regularity of the house-roof, each of the wide chimneys needed repairs, and more than one shutter of the numerous windows hung loose, the paths leading to the house were rough and ill-kept, there were no flower-plots, and the very shrubs and trees wore a miserable and forsaken aspect that chilled the heart of the traveller as he passed. There was no farm life visible with the exception of a few hens that scratched under the wide

verandah, and though the helpless condition of the driving gate, which hung upon one hinge, seemed to invite the curiosity of the neighbours' cattle and pigs, none of them ever got past a fierce blood-hound whose kennel stood half way between the gate and the farm buildings at the rear. This was the Howis domain, though in justice to its occupier, it is but fair to say that he had not been its master long. But it is not with the outside of this house we are now concerned. Within, a bright fire burned upon the parlour hearth, the room, well furnished and in good order, looked snug, and in that perfect keeping which only a lady's hand and eye can insure. Curtains fell over the window and shut out alike intruding eyes, if such there might be, and the pure light of the stars. A table was drawn up to the fire and near it, both on the same side, were seated a lady and gentleman. The lady was Emily Howis, the sister of him whose acquaintance we have already made, and the gentleman was William Hewit.

Miss Howis appeared to be about two and twenty, she was of more than medium height, of light and graceful proportions, her eyes and hair were of raven blackness, her complexion singularly fair, and at a glance you would call her handsome. And so she was, but there was wanting the deep warm light of woman's eye, and there was no tenderness about the lines of the mouth. She was dressed fashionably and her gown was of silk, yet, though it became her it did not attract, there was not a single touch about it that spoke of love of beauty for beauty's sake, nor of sentiment of any sort. She was seated on the left of William Hewit, and held some papers in her lap, to which she referred from time to time.

William Hewit resembled in height and complexion his younger brother Henry, his features were handsome and refined, but there was a lack of firmness in the mouth, and a slight nervousness of manner that bespoke excitability of temperament. He was a fine young man, high-principled and industrious, had won the esteem of his neighbours, and, favoured by the excellent start in the world his grandfather's will had secured to him, might have won distinction. Seated at the table, his head upon his hand, his gaze rested upon Miss Howis with a troubled expression, as though he battled with conflicting emotions and was not quite at peace with himself.

From the moment of his first introduction to Miss Howis he had felt an unusual interest in her, which soon deepened into an all absorbing passion. He was aware, however, that such a connection would be very distasteful to his mother and brother, for little was known of the antecedents of the Howises, and Mr. Howis had by no means gained the confidence or esteem of his new neighbours, but was rather regarded by them as untrustworthy. Even Emily herself did not reach the standard that would be looked for in his wife; she was haughty and overbearing, and though always gentle and conciliatory to himself, William Hewit had not only heard of, but seen, many exhibitions of a spirit which contrasted painfully with the tender and self-sacrificing disposition which distinguished his mother. Moreover the Howises were known to be inclined to favour the violent measures which had already been mooted in connection with the agitated state of politics in the two Canadas, and on more than one occasion Emily had used her influence to persuade William Hewit to join her brother in his errands of sympathy with "The Opposition," as they cautiously termed it. At first his whole soul revolted from their views, and he had even withdrawn himself from their society for a season; but to gain William Hewit was to discredit the Government party in that district, and beside there were fine pickings on the Hewit property. By those wiles which designing women know so well how to use, Emily Howis had lured the recreant back to her side, had re-established her influence over his feelings, and was now more than ever determined to rivet his fetters.

*To be continued.*

No one can tell where the warmth and radiance that a generous heart casts around it stop. He might as well attempt to measure a sunbeam or mark the place where it falls.—*Greenwell.*

# RED AND BLUE PENCIL

Pastor Felix rejoices that his "little poke has stirred up the musical bees, the robins and the like, though" (with accustomed modesty he adds) "doubtless they were stirring before the poke came; so I take no credit to my stick." He has also something good to say of the humming and warbling and other soothing or inspiring sounds which have by his or other agency been evoked:

"Murray's little lyrical episode is very sweet and pathetic, having a natural flow, as of verse that makes itself in the mind before you put pen to paper. So might we praise the ideas and imagery of Weir's sonnet, were it necessary and were it not well to avoid classification with the daubers of 'critical taffy'—for" (here we might venture to interpolate, in our representative capacity, a decided protest) "I do not claim to be a critic at all."

As mention has been made of Mr. Murray, we are happy to give another specimen of his work—this time a translation, which has all the scholarly smoothness of his original poems, as well as the touching pathos of his own muse:

## THE BLIND MAN.

(From *Théophile Gautier*.)

As haggard as an owl by day,  
A blind man through the town doth stray,  
While, vaguely groping 'mid the keys,  
A dreary flute his fingers tease.

He pipeth antiquated strains  
Wherein scant melody remains,  
And, like a ghost, with sightless eyes  
Where'er his dog may lead him, hies.

For him, the noon-day hath no light;  
For him, the world is drowned in night;  
He hears it roaring, like the fall  
Of plunging streams behind a wall.

God knows what dark chimeras vain  
Haunt the dim chambers of his brain;  
What fantasies inscrutable  
Thought writes within his reason's cell!

So oft, half-crazed by want of sleep,  
Some captive in a dungeon-keep,  
With rusty nail obscurely scrawls  
Strange hieroglyphics on the walls.

Still, who can tell? Perchance, when Death  
Hath quenched Life's taper with his breath,  
The blind man's soul, inured to gloom,  
Shall see distinctly in the tomb!

Here is another sonnet from Mr. Weir. It is the first of a series—its dedicatory purpose being evident, indeed—and we consider it and those which will follow it as among the best fruit of his genius:

## TO LOUISE.

As in old time the tempest-scorers set  
Their ship's keen prow into the golden rain  
Of eve and ventured o'er the unkeeled main  
To under lands, and myriad dangers met  
From savage hordes and crags the waves that fret,  
That they might gold and sunborn gems obtain  
For their beloved Queen, her smiles to gain;  
And, her thanks won, their hardships did forget:

So I have ventured over thought's vast seas  
Into the land of visions, deeming sweet  
Long hours of sunless toil, if I might reach  
And bring, as my love-tribute to thy feet,  
At last, the gold of thought and gems of speech,  
Paid by thy smile, imperial Louise.

Detroit.

ARTHUR WEIR.

And now for Pastor Felix's own contribution to the poetry of this number:

## SONNETS.

I.

### ST. HYMELYN.

[The legend of St. Hymelyn is, that as he was dying all the church chimers of the town began ringing sweet music, though no man touched the bells.]

Low in his convent cells, where Heaven attends,  
Gaunt on his pallet, good St. Hymelyn lies:  
Slowly our orb of heat and light descends,  
But holier splendours brighten in his eyes:  
On dying arm he vainly strives to rise,  
Hark! for no earthly hand is on the bells!  
They ring! They ring!—meanwhile he sinks and dies,—  
They ring triumphal peals, not funeral knells!

O, there are marvellous welcomes, all undreamed,  
When lonely souls who grow through suffering strong  
The world's redeemers, and themselves redeemed,  
Who conquer sorrow with a lofty song—  
Come up, where harps and crowns from hands of dust  
Fall not, all perishing, as here they must!

II.

### GRIEF'S FIRST HOUR.

And oh! no more! no more! my soul has sighed,  
For on my heart the doleful weight has lain,  
And I have felt the passion and the pain  
Of parting,—hence inexorably denied  
My life of life: Joy's tendrils all divide,  
And Hope is slain,—ah! can it rise again  
It and the precious form I not retain,  
Which hastes away in darkness to abide?  
Well might it seem their tears were blood, or dun  
As their sad thought's complexion, who behold,  
Under the sun's complacent, mocking ray,  
Withdrawn, the smile more welcome than the sun;  
Dimmed, the fond eye; broken, the heart of gold;  
Palsied, the touch that wiped all tears away!

III.

### LESSONS FROM LILIES.

What gospel, O ye lilies of the field,  
Preach ye to souls devout?—what meanings lie  
With the trustful violet's open eye?  
"Dear Sun!" they say, "we have our lamp, our shield,  
Our cherisher, to whom our sweets we yield,  
The weaver of our robes of various dye:  
'Th' maternal sod doth nourish us, concealed  
'Mid its warm grasses; we need never fear,  
Nor lack, nor hunger; we are undismayed,  
Patient, encouraged, that our God is near:  
Why need we dread the frost that makes leaves sere?  
O troubled lingerer in the peaceful glade!  
We have th' o'erbrooding Love to make us cheer,  
We have Omnipotence to be our aid.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

The word is again to Pastor Felix:

In looking over the pages of the *Maritime Monthly*—an excellent literary periodical which once flourished at St. John, N.B., under the editorship of Mr. H. L. Spencer—I came again upon a sketch of Canadian rural life, from the quaintly skilful pen of our Squire of Hernewood, and in it occurs a patriotic song, which I think you will agree with me deserves reproduction in the pages of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. The whole piece describes a New Year's gathering and festivity at the home of a Colonial squire—presumably the author's own, and the song is supposed to have been sung by the assembled company:

The lady . . . with hand  
That told of culture, touch'd the piano keys,  
With which the maids' and young men's voices chimed  
To an old breezy air the lumberers sing  
On the head waters of the Ottawa—

SONG.

O stream, and lake, and forest land!  
Tho' other lands may be as fair,  
In this our land no willing hand  
But plenty hath, with some to spare;  
And health breathes in our native air;  
Her heritage a people free,  
Content, and peace, and strength, our dowers,  
Than where can we a rival see  
To this free forest-land of ours!  
Canada! Canada!

This free, this forest land of ours.  
What tho' 'tis not a red-rose land,  
Nor bears the myrtle or the vine:  
From strand to strand, on every hand,  
The maple, birch and beech entwine  
With giant pillars of the pine;  
And though no myrtle blooms have we,  
Nor glare of gaudy tropic flowers,  
Content are we a-field to see  
The Mayflower in this land of ours,—  
Canada! Canada!

This loved, this Mayflower land of ours.

JOHN HUNTER DUVAR.

After sonnets, roundels. What is a roundel?  
Let Swinburne answer:

### THE ROUND.

A roundel is wrought as a ring or a starbright sphere,  
With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,  
That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear  
A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carved of all or of aught—  
Love, laughter, or mourning—remembrance of rapture or  
fear—  
That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.  
As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us  
hear  
Pause answer to pause—and again the same strain caught,  
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or a tear,  
A roundel is wrought.

Some of our fair contributors—one especially—have illustrated these out-of-the-way antique metres very prettily. A young poet of promise sends us the following:

### ASHES OF TIME.

So far away we look from this clear light  
To the dim epochs of a former day  
And note the many sad, the few things bright  
So far away.

Ah me! the Present to the Past must pay  
A melancholy tribute for a sight  
Of olden things is fit, once in a way.

Thus let the past things from their lonely height  
Teach a new life; so shall new courage say:  
"This day, sometime, thou mayst view with delight  
So far away."

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

### LE ROSIER.

(From the French of *De Leyre*.)

O Rose bush! on whose fragrant spray,  
Beneath my lattice window, come  
The joyous birds, each balmy day,  
To sing their songs of love and home.

O happy throng of wanton birds!  
For love and pity, sing no more.  
For he, whose speech was honied words,  
Has left me, for a distant shore.

In far-off lands intent to roam,  
He flies from love, for wealth and fame.  
Why does he seek so far from home,  
The happiness he here might claim?

O faithful swallows! Though your flight  
Be far across the stormy sea,  
Return with Spring's entrancing light;  
And bring my lover back to me!

R. S. W.

## MUSIC TO LOOK AT.

Rossini, who had always *le mot pour rire*, used to say: "In olden time they used to compose music for the brain and for the ears; but it seems to me that nowadays people are quite content when the thing looks well." This, I feel confident, was often his guiding opinion. For instance, when Meyerbeer gave "The Huguenots," his lawyer and *corèligionnaire*, Crémieux, gave a luncheon, where he invited some influential friends to meet Meyerbeer. Rossini, one of the guests ate nothing. Mme. Crémieux, with the lynx eye of any hostess who has people round her table invited for a meal, suddenly pounced upon her abstemious guest with that question which every lady imagines must go straight to the heart of her guests: "I am sure, M. Rossini, you don't like that dish; one cannot easily please such a fine connoisseur as you are." "Pardon, Madame, that is not all the reason, but I never eat between my breakfast and my dinner. Of course, you will ask me why, then, did I come to a luncheon party? I will tell you. The other day I was invited to hear a performance of my 'William Tell' overture. At the moment where the allegro begins I saw two men in the bane putting their trumpets up, but I could not for the life of me hear one note; so I asked the manager why they did not play. 'Oh, that is very simple,' he said. 'I could not get two trumpeters, but I thought I'd get some men to hold up the trumpet. It always looks well to see trumpets in an orchestra; but of course, as they can't play, you can't hear them.' Now, I can't eat any more than they could play; but as Meyerbeer, who is so superstitious, would have taken it for a bad omen if I had sent an excuse, I thought I would just sit behind my plate, because it looks well to have old friends sit round one's table."—*Temple Bar*.

HOW TO DISINFECT.—Clothing which requires disinfecting should be submitted for about three hours to a temperature of 250° in a chamber charged with sulphuric fumes from a large quantity of sulphur. The chamber should be so constructed as to prevent the fumes from passing off. No germs can stand this. After a room has been used by a person sick with any contagious disease, it becomes necessary to disinfect it before it is fit to be used again. This is done by removing and burning the paper on the walls, removing the bedsteads and other furniture, and exposing them to air and wind, and giving them a fresh coat of varnish; by having the mattress made over new and the hair boiled; by burning in the room three pounds of sulphur, and by white-washing, painting and papering the room anew.



## HARVEST SCENES IN MANITOBA.



CUTTING AND BINDING WHEAT.

Erck, photo., Brandon



STACKING WHEAT.

Davidson, photo., Carberry.



CONSPIRATORS.





Do not heap on great loads of comfortables during the winter, the weight weakens the sleeper. Use blankets, two light wool blankets though apparently thin will contain more warmth than three or four heavy "comforters" wadded with cotton batting.

The practice of having the beds made early in the morning, almost as soon as their occupants are up, is very bad indeed. The bed clothes should be removed and exposed to the air for several hours, or the exhalations from the skin during the night are shut in beneath the sheets and are breathed in again when the little ones are put to bed.

The method of fixing the cheeks with the thumb and finger is advised, firstly, and chiefly, because it is a means of securing the first essential in deglutition; and secondly, because it leaves the natural respiratory channel unaffected, and thus prevents that terror arising from the confusion in the child's mind between the process of respiration and deglutition, so commonly induced by nipping the nose.

While the day nursery is being cleaned the children may be brought back to the night nursery, after the latter has been aired, as the dust caused by sweeping is very injurious, and they should on no account be allowed to stray into a room with a newly-washed floor. Carpets are not desirable in either day or night nurseries, as they harbour dust and form a happy hunting-ground for disease germs. If any carpets are used they should be in squares or lengths, so that they may be taken up and shaken every other day. Everything about a nursery should be easy to clean. The walls should either be covered with tiles or with varnished paper so that they may be washed every week or two. Ordinary wall papers not only harbour dust, but also frequently contain poisonous colouring ingredients. The tiles or the paper in the day nursery should be light coloured, and ornamented with bright pictures to amuse the small occupants of the room. In the night nursery, however, there should be no pictures or attractive colours, as, when here, the child's business is to sleep, and there should be no disturbing influence. The room should be quiet and have dark green blinds, so that it may be darkened during daylight, when the little ones take their noonday nap. Let the clothing be warm and light, so that every limb may have fair play and free play.

**POSITION OF BEDS.**—Possibly the attention of very few mothers has been directed to the importance of the position of their children's beds. With certain orderly, careful mothers a small alcove adjoining their sleeping room is generally considered suitable, leaving the main room so much freer for other uses. But to what fate are we consigning our child when we exile him to the alcove? Here lurks all the stale, vitiated, or, as we might say, dead air, undisturbed by the freer current of the main room. The child, breathing this air night after night, experiences a loss of vitality, a tendency to colds, and a languid, depressed condition in the morning—quite different from the refreshed awakening in pure air. It has been demonstrated that the beds nearest the walls in hospitals have the highest rate of mortality, they being subject to influences of polluted air similar to the alcove of the bedroom. The existence of bad ventilation around the corners and sides of rooms has been so well demonstrated that it has already given rise to the building of rotunda hospitals, where the current of air along the floors rises as it reaches the wall, effectually ventilating the whole. The first suggestion of this idea came from the dropping of a piece of paper near the centre of a rotunda, where it skimmed along the floor and rose as it reached the wall. In an ordinary room a similar experiment with a piece of thistle-down will indicate the usual direction of the air-currents.

A clever contrivance for the nursery is a "crawling rug," to be spread upon the floor, which protects the baby's clothes and affords at the same time endless entertainment to the infant mind. Take a square of heavy gray flannel and outline on it various animals in red and blue working cotton; the edges are pinked, and underneath is fastened a pinked out band of red flannel to give a pretty contrasting finish. The above is a serviceable rug, but perhaps even a greater success and more sure to "catch the baby's eye," are rugs made of coarse brown or gray linen, with the forms of animals cut out in sateens of different colours and fastened to the linen in buttonhole stitch. The rugs are bound with red braid. More striking still is a specimen in Turkey red, two yards square and simply hemmed around the edges. On this vivid foundation is fixed, in the centre, a large white muslin elephant; scattered around at intervals are dogs, cats, horses, camels, rabbits and other representatives of animal kind. The whole thing washes well. Pasting on the pictures is sometimes tried as a saving of labour, but baby's fingers soon fray out the edges and buttonholing pays better, especially as it need not be closely done. Mothers and nurses at their wits' end to quiet a restless youngster find it a great help to put him down on the floor on one of these "menagerie blankets," as they are sometimes called, and let him amuse himself by tracing out the various animals, a pastime to which he will return at intervals with an unflagging zest and pleasure delighted to behold. Children under five should never be permitted to remain out of bed after 8 p.m.

### ALBEMARLE'S SECRET.

Albemarle's eyes were dreamy and his cheek was pale; dark were the locks which waved above his noble brow; tall was his form and slender as a willow and small and shapely were his hands and feet. A fascinating melancholy pervaded his countenance, and his utterances were tinged with the gentle sadness of one who has experienced some strange mysterious sorrow, the memory of which darkens his life and keeps aloof all happiness. When he sang (he was addicted to music) the sweetness of his tones were only rivalled by their sadness. He was a poet—a genius. The world did not acknowledge him as such, but

"Deep in his own heart that tender secret dwelt."

Being all this, who can blame him if he happened to be rather conscious of the fact that many a fair one viewed him with admiring eyes. Yes, he was well aware of the fact, but he turned from them all, for, thought he, I will not bow down before the shrine of any but a rare and intelligent being, one in whom I shall recognize her who was formed to be my counterpart, one who will comprehend all the undefined longings of my soul, one to whom I can pour out all my ardent love in verse, one who will be able to accompany my spirit in all its ethereal flights. Such a one will I seek out, and when I find her, she, and she only, shall be my bride.

So he wandered around in search of this rare intelligent being, and it happened that strolling through a lonely wood one day, he came across a lady reclining in a sylvan bower. She was in the first bloom of youth and beautiful as a dream. An acquaintance was formed, and our poet discovered that this was she whom his soul had longed for. Ah, thought he, that evening before retiring for slumber, at last I have found the one whose mind is elevated enough to hold converse with mine. In the romantic solitude of the woods did our eyes first behold one another. Fit place for our souls to meet. Kindred sympathies stirred our hearts, and then Albemarle fell to wondering, the while gazing dreamily at the starry, mystic heavens, if those sweet sympathies would ever rivet their hearts together.

So mused he. And she—alas! that I should have to tell this tale!

Three golden weeks have sunk into the ocean of time, golden weeks to our poet, for he has visited the lady of his love every day, haunted her walks and accompanied her when driving. To her he has read volumes of verse; to her he has sung song after song: to her he has dropped many a dark hint of the mysterious sorrow which is eating his heart away.

Well, one halcyon day in the month of June, Albemarle proceeded to the abode of his divine, carrying with him a roll of verses, the emanations of his genius which he intended to pour into her ear before leaving.

He found her alone. (Other friends always retreated when Albemarle put in an appearance.) She greeted him as sweetly as usual, but in her eyes gleamed a strange light as they fell upon the roll of verses, and her voice trembled a little (for what reason, we don't know), as she said, "Oh, sir, I have a favour to ask of you."

Albemarle's romantic soul thrilled with ecstasy at these words. "What is it?" he said, "only speak the word. I am your true knight, and I will move heaven and earth to accomplish anything you may desire." "It is this," she replied, "and as you are fond of poetry, I will put my request in verse. Listen:

My other friends have left me,  
The false ones and the true;  
Won't you follow their example,  
Won't you please to say adieu?"

Albemarle stood transfixed for a moment. The hair rose upon his head in horror. His eyes rolled wildly and he clutched at a table for support. At last issued from his lips in hollow tones, the words, "Tis what I should have expected. Alas, my sad fate." Then recovering himself, he added in a cool, calm tone, "I do your bidding, madam, I go, never to return. This is but an additional burden to the secret sorrow which is gnawing my heart

away. However, none shall know my grief. Like Byron, I can say:

Here's a sigh for those that love me,  
Here's a smile for those that hate,  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for any fate."

Then came this cruel reply: "Ah, no sir, say rather:

Here's a whine for those that love me,  
Here's a scowl for those that hate,  
For whatever food I swallow,  
Indigestion is my fate."

There was a terrible stillness in the room. A door was heard to open, then close. Our poet was gone. He was never heard of more.

She had discovered what the strange mysterious sorrow, the outward signs of which had possessed such a potent charm for many of her sex, was, and the discovery had broken the charm.

This was the secret. Albemarle suffered from Dyspepsia.

EDITH EATON.

### THE FASHIONABLE CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.

They sit for the greater part of each day at the receipt of custom, tossing the sovereigns and shillings into the drawer, where they are decorously put out of sight; pronouncing peremptorily on the destinies of their miserable fellow-creatures, scattering broadcast sentences of death or slow torture, consolation under mitigating conditions, reprieves, or plenary absolution. Custom may lighten the weighty load of their responsibilities, but surely all the same it must sometimes sit heavily on them. For, after all, they are human like the patients, and occasionally they must themselves be out of condition and far from feeling up to the mark. Case after case, and often for the first time, is brought panoramically beneath their observation, and each minute is precious when there are so many to be advised. They are invited at a moment's notice to diagnose the origin and the course of complicated and obscure diseases; they are asked in the way of ultimatum all manner of embarrassing questions as to methods of treatment and probable results. They must answer the main questions to the best of their ability, and if they do not actually put forward claims to infallibility, they are bound professionally to speak with the assurance attaching to their position. As a rule they are sympathetic and strive to soften down unfavourable opinions, but there are desperate cases, and not a few of them, in which it would be cruel kindness to conceal the truth. The mother who brought a daughter she fancied was merely delicate lifts herself in speechless anguish into the dismal four-wheeler in the conviction that her child is in a hopeless decline. How the sun has been darkened to her during the last long hour or two and like Scott standing over the grave of John Ballantyne, she feels it will never again shine on her so brightly as before. The husband who thought there was nothing serious the matter with his young wife reads solemn warnings in the ambiguous prognostications of the oracle, and, striving manfully to master his vague apprehensions, knows well that his wedded happiness is at an end.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

**FOUR GOOD HABITS.**—There were four good habits which a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his councils and by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the happy management of temporal concerns—they are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and, without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

Mr. Talmage utters a sensible warning: "The world and the Church have built up immense systems of theology. Half of them try to tell what God thought, what God planned, what God did, five hundred million years before the small star on which we live was created. I have had many a sound sleep under sermons about the decrees of God and the eternal generation of the Son and discourses showing who the Melchisedek wasn't; and I give a fair warning that, if any minister ever begins a sermon on such a subject in my presence, I will put my head down on the pew in front, and go into the deepest slumber I can reach."



# FINE ARTS

**A CANADIAN ARTIST IN ENGLAND.**—Miss Norah B. Clench has been winning golden opinions in England. A recent number of the *Oxford Magazine* says: "The audience were highly delighted, and most justly, with the performance of the Kreutzer Sonata by Miss Clench and Mr. C. H. Lloyd. Miss Clench is by birth a Canadian, and an honour to her country; her tone is sweet and accurate, and her style strong and entirely free from affectation. It was a treat beyond words to listen to the delicate execution of both violin and piano in the andante and variations."

**ANTIQUE BRONZES.**—Now Ristori simply leads the life of a great society lady—she has wealth, a number of palaces in Rome, servants in livery, carriages, and every luxury that appertains to her high position. When Mary Anderson was in Rome Ristori was very kind to her, and frankly admired her as a fresh, sweet young girl. She never saw her playing. Perhaps she divined she should not, for she is rather jealous of new rivals, even though she herself is retired from the stage. She detests Bernhardt. Some time ago, while excavating the cellar of one of her palaces, a fine collection of antique bronzes was discovered. Strangely enough, most of them were of dramatic subjects. They are now in the art gallery.—*European Letter*.

**VALUABLE PICTURES.**—The recent sale of Millet's "Angelus" for £22,120 recalls other examples where large sums have been paid for works of art. The amount paid for the "Angelus" was the largest at which a picture has ever been knocked down in the auction-room, with one exception only—£23,440 having been paid by the French Government at the Marshal Soult sale in 1852 for Murillo's "Conception of the Virgin." But larger sums than this have frequently been paid by private contract both in England and elsewhere. In London, during the last 15 years, five pictures have been sold on various occasions at sums ranging over £7,000. These were as follows:—1875, Turner's "Grand Canal," £7,350; 1876, Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," £10,605; 1886, Ruben's "Venus and Adonis," £7,200; 1887, Gainsborough's "The Sisters," £9,975; and 1887, Boucher's "Madame de Pompadour," £10,395—this last-named work being purchased for the Rothschilds at the Lonsdale sale. Eleven works have been knocked down for between £6,000 and £7,000 each, including two Turners, two Landseers, and one each of Claude Lorraine, Carlo Dolci, Velasquez, Meissonier, Greuze, Gainsborough, and Edwin Long. Twelve have fetched between £5,000 and £6,000 each; and these comprised four Turners, four Landseers, two Rubens, and one each of Millais and Rosa Bonheur.

**THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.**—The 32nd annual report of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery is just published. The report takes us up to the end of June last. The trustees obtain the pictures by donation or purchase, and in each of these ways some interesting additions have been made to the Gallery in the course of a year. Up to June, 1888, the numbers of donations had been 438, and this has been increased by 14 portraits, among which are those of the following historical characters:—The Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden, painted as a child by Charles Jervas; the Countess of Sutherland, daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, these two were presented by the Earl of Chichester; William Cowper, the poet, drawn by W. Harvey after L. Abbot, presented by the Rev. W. J. Loftie; the Right Hon. John Bright, the well-known picture by Mr. Oulless, R.A., presented by Mr. Leopold Salomons; and two of Mary Queen of Scots, one taken at the period of her marriage with the Dauphin in 1558, and the other when she was wearing mourning for him in 1560, both were taken from life by Janet, and have been photographed by Braun, and both have been presented by Mr. G. Scharf, C.B. To the 420 portraits acquired by purchase, seven have been added. The first is a group of portraits representing the Court of Chancery, as held in Westminster Hall during the reign of George I. This contains portraits of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, Sir Philip Yorke (afterwards Lord Chancellor Hardwicke), and Sir Thomas Pengeley (afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer), and nearly 60 others. This picture, the work of a deaf and dumb artist, Benjamin Ferrers, was purchased for £115 10s. Lord Macclesfield is also represented in another painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Kneller's portrait of the famous Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, is also added to the collection at a cost of £94 10s. Two men more notorious for their loyalty to Charles II. than for their own virtues have also found their places on the walls of the Gallery. The portrait of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, painted by W. Wissing, was purchased for 50 guineas. Thomas Chiffinch is better known from Scott's sketch of him in "Peveril of the Peak" than from the pages of history, but he held many more honourable posts than that of Page of the Back Stairs to the King, and was deemed worthy of a burial in Poet's Corner. This portrait, which is by M. Wright, cost £40. Clarendon's second son, Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, is also represented by the hand of Kneller. This cost the same sum as Chiffinch's. Up to 1885 the number of visitors to the Gallery was 1,493,365. In that year the Gallery

was removed from South Kensington to Bethnal-green, and there are no means of knowing how many visitors go exclusively to see the portraits. The trustees conclude their report with the expression of satisfaction that by the generosity of an anonymous donor the portraits will now be located in a building worthy of the collection.

**THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONVENTION.**—The Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom opened the London meeting at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on the 19th ult., and a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. The association has held three previous meetings—at Derby, Glasgow, and Birmingham, and has had on each occasion increased attention bestowed upon it. The chief functions at the London meeting were the opening of an exhibition of apparatus and pictures, and the delivery of the presidential address. The great hall was filled with a remarkably interesting collection of photographic appliances and specimens of high class work, and the exhibits of about a score of the leading firms in photography were very attractive. The convention was one of professional and amateur photographers, and the proceedings included the reading of papers, displays with optical lanterns, and various excursions. Mr. Andrew Pringle, the president for the year, delivered his inaugural address before a large audience. He said the present year was the 50th of practical photography, and traced its history of the art from its birth to its jubilee. At the present time there were over 90 photographic societies in the United Kingdom. Almost exactly 50 years ago Daguerre's process was fully divulged to the Académie des Sciences in Paris, while at the same time Faraday described to the Royal Institution Fox Talbot's process of photogenic drawing. The president then traced the history of the process during the last 50 years, and noticed the various improvements made. A shortcoming of photography, he said, if possible more serious than want of permanence, had been incorrect translation into monotone of certain colours. Colours found in nature and in paintings giving effects of brightness to the eye were rendered by ordinary photography as dark, while certain colours more or less sombre to the eye in nature, and used as low tones by painters, were represented by ordinary photography as high lights. While scientific photography had made astounding advances during the past 50 years, artistic photography had hardly progressed in the same ratio. The average of artistic production had advanced, however, just as the average of technique. In conclusion, the speaker remarked that surely the resources of photographers were wide enough. Whatever the eye could see, aided or unaided, photography enabled us to depict, and much that the eye could not see photography would catch. Photography linked together the past, the present, and the future; the absent with the present, the dead with the living. Art, or portraiture, was 50 years ago for the prince or the plutocrat, but it was now for all. This was not a small matter that photography had accomplished. What science was there that could dispense with photography? Certainly no practical science. The astronomer needed it, the mechanic needed it, the microscopist called on it, the physiologist and the pathologist appealed to it for help. The artist had learned many lessons from it, and would learn more. Truly, the influence and the use of photography were universal.

## GOLDEN GRAINS.

There are persons who criticize in a cold and unfeeling manner those who are trying to do the very things which they have themselves refused to attempt. They do not see that with all the blunders and failures he can make, he is far nobler than they who assume to know better, yet refuse, through indolence or pride, to put forth a single effort in the matter. His feeblest attempts ought rather to fill them with shame and humiliation that they have fallen so far behind him.

**ACKNOWLEDGING FAULTS.**—There is one means of preserving peace, harmony, and good-will in our social relations which, although very simple, very just, and manifestly very effective, is perhaps more frequently shunned and disliked than any other. It is the frank admission of having been in the wrong. Nothing so quickly disarms resentment, calms irritation, melts away cold displeasure, turns anger into tenderness, and changes a defiant attitude to one of sympathy as this candid confession; and yet few words are more rarely uttered. The simple avowal of the truth, without excuse or palliation—"I was wrong," or "I was mistaken," or "I regret having said or done as I did"—is worth a thousand elaborate attempts at explanation, which are generally disbelieved, unaccepted, and give rise to argument instead of reconciliation.

And how can the soul progress save through the cultivation of virtue and self-mastery? What other way is there? There is none! We may say with confidence then, that we are placed here to increase in knowledge and virtue. This is the core of all religion, and this much needs no faith in the acceptance. It is true and as capable of proof as one of our exercises in Euclid. On this common ground men have raised many different buildings. Christianity, the creed of Mohammed, the creed of the Easterns, have all the same essence. The difference lies in the forms and details. Let every day, every hour, be spent in furthering the Creator's end, and—in getting out whatever power for good there is in you. What is pain or work or trouble? The cloud that passes over the sun. But the result of work well done is everything. It is eternal. It lives and waxes stronger through the centuries. Pause not for rest. The rest will come when the hour of work is past.

# Humorous

**AFTER THE ELOPEMENT.**—He: And now, dear, since we are safe on the train, why do you seem so sad? She (pettishly): We were not even chased, I don't think it was one bit romantic.

How old are you, Tommy? Nine when I am on my feet, and six when I stand on my head. That's funny. How do you make it? Why, if you stand a 9 on its head, it's a 6 isn't it?

THERE will never be anything like morality in this world until a law is passed compelling amateur anglers to have their fish weighed by regularly appointed scalers of weights and measures.

"This seems like a sweet dream," he rapturously remarked as he lingered with her at the door step. "It doesn't seem like a dream to me," she replied, "for a dream soon vanishes, you know."

LADY (putting her head out of the car window): Conductor, is smoking allowed in this car? Conductor (courteously): If the gentlemen inside don't object, madame, you may smoke as much as you please.

PENELOPE PEACHBLOW: It is evident that woman over there paints. Bishop Gullein: She is my sister. Penelope Peachblow: I was going to say it is evident she paints from the interest she takes in that young artist.

FATHER: Robby, are you too lame and tired to walk a mile and a half to the circus? Robby: No, indeed, father. Father: Well, then, you will go out in the yard and run the lawn-mower until bed time. I've no circus money this year.

LADY: Where's the lobster? Biddy: Sure, mum, I put him in the pot, and when I went out somebody changed him for another. Mine was green, and the one I found was red. I thought yez moight be pizened, so chucked him in the strate.

HOUSEMAID: There is a gentleman down stairs, ma'am, who is almost pulling the bell out and says he wants the key to the fire-alarm box. Mistress (rushing to the mirror): Ask him to send up his card, and tell him I will be down in a few minutes.

MISTRESS (a very kind-hearted one): Did you drown the kittens as I directed, Marie? Marie: Oui, madame. Did you warm the water? Non, madame. What? Do you mean to tell me that you drowned those poor little kittens in ice-cold water? You cruel girl.

JUDGE: You are a freeholder. Prospective juryman: Yes, sir. Judge: Married or single? Prospective juryman: Married three years ago last month. Judge: Have you formed or expressed any opinion— Prospective juryman: Not since I was married three years ago.

BEN WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.—The Duke of B—, overhearing someone at his door announce himself as Ben Jonson, stepped forward to meet him, but suddenly paused and exclaimed: "You Ben Jonson? Why you look as if you could not say 'Bo!' to a goose." "Bo!" instantly retorted Ben.

OFFICER (inspecting the ranks, sergeant-major following): Private Atkins hasn't shaved this morning, sergeant-major. Sergeant-major: He is going to let his beard grow, sir. Officer: I can't have men coming on parade like this. Any man wanting to grow a beard must do it in his own time and not on parade.

GRADUATE (to critic, who has been looking over his essay): What do you think of it? Critic: Well the first time I read it I was favourably impressed; the second time less so, and after the third perusal I put it down as bosh. Graduate: That's all right, then. I've only got to read it once, you know.

WHEN, some years ago, an old woman in Perthshire had occasion for the first time in her life to make a journey by rail, she hied to the nearest station and demanded a ticket. "First or third?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, a first one," said she, "for I'm in an awfu' hurry, an' wad like to be hame again afore it's dark."

A SHIPWRECKED sealer, returned from South America, was once asked by the managing editor of a scientific journal to prepare a paper for publication on "Human Life in Patagonia." He compiled and sent in his paper, which read as follows: "There is no human life in Patagonia. On the contrary, life is very inhuman."

A DROVER was driving a herd of swine, when at a turn in the road several of them rushed away, and nearly knocked down a masher who happened to be coming in the opposite direction. He went up to the drover and haughtily remarked: "These brutes don't show much respect for a fellow." "No," replied the drover, slyly, "they only respect their equals." The masher seemed rather in a hurry to be off.

WHAT THE BAGPIPES COULD NOT PLAY.—Hintza, the Kaffir chief, had a wooden whistle about five inches long, which, when blown at one end, was the call for his warriors to advance, the other end giving the signal to retire. Being told that the pipes (bagpipes) were played as the men advanced to battle, he inquired how they were played when the soldiers had to run away. "That cannot be played on the bagpipes," he was told. "Then I will give you my whistle," said the generous Hintza.



## HERE AND THERE.

In England check reins are now entirely out of use, being forbidden by law.

The edelweiss seed, which was largely sown in the Giant Mountains of Prussia last summer, has come up remarkably well. This charming Alpine flower has taken root, and will apparently become a permanent attraction among the Silesian flora.

The tinfoil so commonly used to wrap Neuchâtel cheese, chewing gum, various kinds of candy, and all kinds of chewing tobacco, is said to be dangerous on account of the lead in it. Its use for wrapping articles of food has been forbidden in France.

England owns over half of the entire ocean tonnage of the world. The exact figures are 51.4 per cent. The increase of the steam tonnage of the world in 1888 was 633,948 tons, and half of this increase was built by British owners. In the same year the United States added to her tonnage only twenty-seven new steamers and 10,274 tons. Even Japan has gone beyond this figure, in the same period, by the addition of fifty steamers and 36,084 tons.

**THE CHECK REIN.**—Reasons why it should be abolished. Issued by the Toronto Humane Society, 103 Bay street, Toronto, J. J. Kelso, hon. sec. This little pamphlet contains the opinions of many medical men of this city that "cruelty is practised on horses by the use of an overtight check-rein, especially the overcheck form of rein." Nearly 600 veterinary surgeons in England have pronounced against the bearing-rein, when tightly applied, "as painful and irritating to horses as well as productive of disease."—*Monetary Times*.

**THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR LEATHER.**—Leather is a unique material. There is no substance in any way analogous to it. Flexibility and durability are opposite qualities that no other product possesses in such a marked degree. In the tanned skin the gelatine and tannin, the animal and the vegetable kingdom, are combined in an indissoluble union, which will withstand the continuous frictional wear which shoes, harness, belting, etc., are subjected to, better than anything else. It is the one commodity for which there is absolutely no substitute. Cotton, wool, linen and silk are to some extent interchangeable; wood, iron and stone are frequently used in lieu of each other; but, notwithstanding the scientific research and discovery of the present age, nothing has been invented to supersede or obviate the necessity for leather. With the single exception of breadstuffs, none of the great staples of commerce has such a numerous constituency. Every inhabitant of the country, without regard to age, sex or colour or condition in life, is to a greater or less degree a consumer of it.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter*.



THE NEW TAX ON STREET MUSICIANS.

POLICEMAN: Have you got a licence?

LUGI: No, Me not know 'bout dat.

POLICEMAN: Then you must accompany me!

LUGI: Si, Signor, with pleasure; vat you goin' to sing?

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### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

#### ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

#### DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year: 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

#### APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

#### A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

**A. M. BURGESS,**  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.